

THE Ladies' Moral Cabinet

PICTORIAL HOME COMPANION

TROY & WARREN
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By HENRY T. WILLIAMS.

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Home Comforts and Pleasures.

Floral Contributions.

HARDY BULBS AND HOW TO GROW THEM.

BY C. L. ALLEN, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

As this is the season for planting all kinds of hardy bulbs, may we suggest to those who intend making beds of hyacinths, tulips, crocus and other Dutch bulbs, and to those that buy for house culture, the necessity for immediate preparation, as late planting is more frequently the cause of failure than poor bulbs, as all are called that do not produce fine spikes, or large, perfect-formed flowers.

Planting should be attended to as soon as the bulbs can be obtained from Holland, which is generally about the 15th of September, and should not, if possible to avoid it, be deferred later than the first of November. Bulbs do not require as much labor, trouble and expense in the preparation of the soil, as is generally supposed and recommended.

Hyacinths

do well in any good garden soil, but succeed best in a light, sandy loam, worked, say two feet deep, and made very rich with well-rotted cow manure. Plant four inches deep. In spring, as soon as up, cover the bed two inches deep with clean straw, to prevent the spikes from falling into the dirt, and to protect from severe frosts. The beds should in all cases be well drained. For planting in the open ground, the following twenty varieties will be found an excellent selection:

Double White, Anna Maria, La Tour de Auvergne.

Single White, Elfrida, La Candeur and Grand Vainqueur.

Double Red, Lord Wellington, Boquet Tendre and Comtesse de la Costa.

Single Red, Norma and Robert Steiger.

Double Blue, Bloksberg, Laurens Coster and Lord Wellington.

Single Blue, Baron Von Thuyl, Grand Lilas and Charles Dickens.

Double Yellow, Ophir d'Or and Goethe.

Single Yellow, Adonia and Anna Carolina.

These varieties, when planted in rows, will be obtained at a much less cost, and for massing are very desirable.

The Soil for Hyacinths in Pots

should be the same as recommended for beds, with one-fifth part white sand added. Use pots four inches in diameter and eight inches deep, one bulb to a pot. The bulbs should be placed in firmly, but not quite covered. After filling, plunge out of doors, and cover three inches deep, which will give them a good root growth. Bring in about the first of December, and give them plenty of light and water, and place in a cool room.

The following varieties succeed best in pots for house culture:

White, Grand Vainqueur Victoria Regina.

Red, Robert Steiger, Madame Hodson, Norma.

Blue, Grand Lilas, Charles Dickens, Grand Vedette.

Blush, Elfrida and Grand Blanch Imperiale.

Hyacinths can be grown in glasses, but we do not advise the trial without first starting in pots. When nearly ready for bloom shake out carefully, wash the roots, and put in the glasses, which should be kept cool, in the light, but not where they will get the direct rays of the sun.

Roman White Hyacinth.

An old but little-known variety; it is strongly recommended for pot culture. The flowers are small, pure white and very fragrant. By successive plantings, commencing September 1st, flowers may be had from December until March. They are also desirable for the open border, being perfectly hardy and coming into flower at the same time as the crocus, with which it contrasts finely. It propagates freely, and can remain undisturbed in the ground for a number of years, like the Narcissus.

Tulips

require a heavier soil than the hyacinth—one precisely suited to it would be simply well-rotted turf, which can easily be obtained. Spade deep and fine; plant five inches apart and four inches deep; mulch two inches deep with coarse manure. The bulbs should be planted in October, and may remain undisturbed for two years.

For early flowering, the *Duc Van Thols* are the most desirable. Plant in rows, ten inches apart; the bulbs three inches apart. For a pleasing effect, when a large bed is to be planted, the colors should alternate—first, scarlet; second, white; third, vermillion; fourth, yellow. A large bed planted in this manner is the most showy of any spring flowers.

The Parrot Tulip

follows in succession of bloom; and in groups or mixed borders, are exceedingly beautiful and showy. The number of varieties of single early tulips is immense, any one of which will do as well as the other; consequently we will leave the selection of varieties to the taste of the grower.

Late Flowering or Show Tulips

are divided into three classes: 1st, Byblooms, such as have a white ground variegated with purple; 2d, Bizarres, having a yellow ground variegated with scarlet, purple, rose or velvet; and 3d, Roses, having a pure white ground variegated with bright rose, scarlet or crimson. These varieties grow two feet high, and produce large, well-formed cup-shaped flowers, and are justly considered by florists and amateurs to be the only ones worthy of a place among florists' flowers.

Double Tulips

are showy, and, for sake of variety, desirable. Tournesol is one of the best for pot culture, and early flowering; Rosine, a bright rose on white ground; La Candeur, a good white; Belle Alliance, red and white striped; Rex Rubrorum, bright scarlet; Yellow Rose, a pure yellow, are the best of the double varieties. The *Duc Van Thols* are well adapted for pot culture.

The Crocus

suffers more from late planting than any of the Dutch bulbs. Plant in September, in any good loamy soil, two inches deep. The Large Yellow and the new varieties of Dutch Seedlings, produce very large and finely marked flowers. They being the first colored flowers of spring, together with their compact form of growth, make them charming border plants.

The Crown Imperial,

is found in every garden. Prepare the bed the same as for the hyacinth.

The Narcissus

will grow well in almost any situation. They rarely do well the first year after planting, but after they become well established they flower in great profusion. All the varieties of the Polyanthus Narcissus—the Double Narcissus, Alba Pleno Odorato, white and fragrant; the single varieties, Albo Simplex Odorato, white; and the N. Poeticus, white with red cap—should be more generally cultivated.

The Lily of the Valley

can be planted any time after the first of October, it succeeds best in a heavy loam in some cool partially shaded place, plant single bulbs about six inches apart each way. They can remain undisturbed a number of years.

The Snowdrop

will thrive in any situation, but delights in some warm, cozy corner protected from the cold March winds. Plant in small clumps, two inches deep.

The Iris

should be more generally grown. Anglica and Hispanica are the only perfectly hardy bulbous rooted varieties. The new varieties lately introduced from Japan, are the most beautiful of any of the class, and are of the easiest possible culture; plant in almost any soil or situation, and they are sure to thrive and become the most attractive plants in cultivation.

Hardy Gladiolus

can, and should be planted any time before the ground freezes up. Though inferior to the varieties of Gandivensis, they richly deserve a place in our gardens. G. Communis Alba and Rosa, are very beautiful if planted in clumps of a dozen. They flower in June, and are charming for arranging in vases, baskets or bouquets.

The Colchicum or Autumnal Crocus

has a singular way of growing; flowering in September, the foliage and seeds being produced in the Spring; the flowers are similar to the crocus vernal, treatment same as for the crocus.

The Scilla,

as a class, are very desirable, perfectly hardy, producing spikes of splendid blue and purple flowers, similar to the hyacinth, but very much smaller. Plant two inches deep, in small clumps, in a sunny border, where they can remain a number of years without taking up. They are also very desirable for pot culture.

WINDOW GARDENING.

At this season of the year every one desires to adorn their windows with bright, blooming flowers which lend a charm, all their own, to every parlor or dining room, no matter how costly may be its surroundings. Lovely flowers and twining vines surpass all the beauties of tapestry and lace, velvet or damask. Draw widely apart your curtains, fair friends; let the sunshine flow freely into your drawing rooms and parlors, and make your roses, fuchsias, etc., to bud and bloom in fragrance and glory, at the same time shedding a fresh glow of youth and health through your own veins.

The cultivation of flowers is ennobling and refining, delighting all the senses, sweetening the air, and rejoicing the heart; but it will also be of inestimable benefit to you if it will prevent you from shutting out the benign influences of the sunlight. The darkened parlors of the haughty are a shame and disgrace to civilization!

Let us coax you to try the effect of the sunshine, this coming winter, not only upon a standard plant, but upon yourself and your home circle.

"What shall we attempt to grow in our window gardens?" This is a question often asked, and we will endeavor to answer it. We all desire plants that will bloom constantly, and those of lovely foliage and attractive form.

For the first class we would recommend the Chinese Primrose, both double and single varieties. Its blossoms are continuous from eight to ten months in the year. Ours bloomed last season from November until August, and then we repotted them, and cut off every incipient bud, determined that they should rest awhile, so that they could bloom in renewed beauty this coming season. They delight in a rich, loamy soil, and shade and moisture are essential to their growth.

are both desirable, and there is a rich crimson variety that is very beautiful. It heads the list of indispensable.

Bouvardias of all shades are very fine for winter blooming. Their flowers are borne in large clusters, are of a tiny, trumpet shape, and the plant is covered with blossoms. A new white variety has elicited much praise. These plants require a cool temperature, are impatient of the hot, dry air to which many of us treat ourselves, and frequently in the winter become covered with aphids, or the green fly. But a warm bath applied weekly, will dissipate all these disagreeable intruders, and invigorate the plant. Bouvardia jasminoides possesses somewhat of the fragrance of the Jessamine.

Fuchsias, roses, geraniums, chrysanthemums of all kinds, variegated leaved plants, Czar violets, etc., must all find a place at our windows.

The winter flowering fuchsias, *Spectiosa* and *Serratifolia*, are invaluable; they will bloom for many months, and their bright-hued waxen bells are always lovely. There are many other varieties that bloom in the early spring—among them the earliest are *Arabella*, *Carl Hatt*, and *Surpasse Vainqua D'Puebla*. These plants do not desire much sunlight, but they love a moist, rich, dark peaty soil; give them this, and their growth will astonish you—their flowers will be countless. On a *Speciosa*, last season, the new branches grown in January and February measured nearly three feet, and its pink-waxen bells, with their rich crimson corollas, were innumerable.

Roses are always numbered among the indispensable. The *Bon Silene Safrano*, *Marshall Neil*, and others of the *Tea* Tribe are always excellent for house culture, both on account of their forcing readily, and the delicious odor of their most lovely buds. *Hermosa*, *Louis Philippe*, *Sir Joseph Paxton*, *Superba*, *Phoenix*, *Queen of the Bourbons*, and others of the Bourbon species will bloom profusely in doors, if the air is not too hot and dry, and they become covered with aphids, or red spiders.

Geraniums are more desirable than any other plant for window gardening, on account of their willingness to endure neglect, and not being

liable to the attacks of vermin. The double and single species of the Zonal geraniums are specially adapted to our purpose. A dozen different pots are none too many for our windows. We must have the *Tom Thumb* or *Nosegay* varieties, scarlet, pink, cherry, salmon and white. These plants are very free bloomers, and are covered with large trusses of flowers for many months. *Stella* is of the richest scarlet; *Superba*, a dazzling cherry with a white eye; *Cylister*, the finest scarlet of the *Nosegay* species; *Mad. Gueffier*, vermillion, edged with flesh color; *Gloire de Corbeley*, bright pink, margined with white; *Christine*, the richest of pinks. Of the double geraniums, we would select *Marie Lemoine*, a perfect rose-color, and *Andrew Henderson*, of the deepest scarlet; *Mad. Rose Chameux* is a double *Tom Thumb* of great beauty. The variegated plants set off a stand of plants wonderfully! The *Coleus* are impatient of common house culture—will not thrive well out of a green house; but all the varieties of *Achyranthus* grow finely, and as the sun shines through their richly tinted leaves, it gives a glory to them which is all their own; do not fail to secure several plants of this variety; they thrive in common soil, but love the sunshine. Sweet-scented Geraniums, *Daphnes*, *Yellow Jessamines*, *Camellias*, and vines, are all essential to the beauty of our window gardens. *Ivies* should twine over the windows, and other vines must have a place. The *Smilax* is very exquisite in its foliage, and the *Cobaea Scandens* will make rapid growth and delight you with its flowers, while the *Madeira* vine is well known to most flower lovers. It sends out its branches luxuriantly, and will grow an inch or more each day. The variegated leaved geraniums must not be neglected; *Mrs. Pollock*, *Lady Cullum*, *United Italy* and *Mountain of Snow*, are all very great additions to our window gardens; their brilliant or snowy margined leaves doing duty for flowers.

Already we fear that we have exceeded our limits, but in another article we will give directions for the culture of window gardens, and will gladly reply to any questions from our readers concerning their house plants in this column. "DAISY EYEBRIGHT."

Ladies, write for THE CABINET, on flowers or home matters; anything you think will interest others; ask questions. In our January number, we will have a genial column expressly for "Gossip with Correspondents."

Soil for Bulbs.

Choose one part well-rotted cow manure, one part river sand, one part good garden soil, and one part leaf mould. This compost will do either for the out-door, the bed, or the in-door pot. But for tulips, use as little manure as possible. Wood mould is much the best.

Temperature for Plant-rooms and Cabinets.

A room for mixed plants should not be heated above 65 degrees by day, nor less than 55; nor higher than 50 at night, nor lower than 40. The most uniform success will come from an average temperature by day of 55 degrees, and at night of 45 degrees.

A CURIOUS SERMON.

A funny story is told of three young candidates for a Scottish ministry. The first one put upon his trial, while putting on his robes, happened to desecrate an ancient-looking, well-worn old paper, which proved to be a sermon upon the text, "Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents." Seeing that the old sermon was much better than his new one, the aspirant to pulpit honors took possession of it, delivered it as his own, and then returned it to its old resting place. The sermon was a good one, and pleased the hearers, although they would have preferred one delivered without book. Great was their astonishment the following Sunday, when preacher number two treated them with the same sermon from the same text; but it was too much for Scottish patience, when a third minister, falling into the same trap, commenced his sermon by announcing that "Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents;" and one old woman relieved the feelings of her fellow-sufferers by exclaiming, "Deil dwell him! Is he never going to flit?"

Floral Notes.

THE BEST VARIETIES OF GLADIOLUS.

The immense demand for Gladiolus the past year proves most conclusively the great popularity of these beautiful and easily cultivated bulbs, and we are sure that all who grow them, fully appreciate the many new varieties annually sent out. Very many who have availed themselves of the older sorts that are now so remarkably cheap, are looking around for something better, yet do not feel able to indulge in those that seem "high," because of their scarcity. The following sorts are hard to beat, and are indispensable to every choice collection:

Meyerbeer; brilliant light red, blazed with vermillion, large flower, perfect shape, a very long and well opened spike, a vigorous and healthy plant; it stands pre-eminent among the red.

Belle Gabrielle is a free growing plant; flower large, perfect shape, fine lilac-colored rose, slightly marked with light rose.

Lord Byron is a very brilliant scarlet, stained and striped with pure white; very showy plant.

La Poussin, a general favorite, a plant of medium size; flower light red, white ground, with large white stains on the lower petals; a charming variety.

Shakespeare, when grown from small bulbs, has no superiors; flowers very large, perfect shape, white, very slightly blazed with carmine rose, with large rosy stains.

Stella is finely variegated; flower large, well shaped, white ground, slightly tinted with yellow and rose, and blazed with carmine red.

Princess of Wales is a pleasing and low priced sort; flowers white, slightly flaked with rosy crimson; inclined to sport unless protected from the hot sun.

Meteor, a twin sister to Lord Byron, except its being somewhat larger and a darker shade.

La Favorite; flower large, rose well blazed with carmine, lower divisions light yellow, very attractive.

Penelope has very large, perfect, lightly orange-colored flowers on cherry-red ground, with pure white stains on lower petals.

Charles Dickens; delicate rose, tinted with chamolais, blazed and striped with bright carmine rose.

BEST THREE HYACINTHS.

Three kinds of bulbs are now sold by our florists—single blooming Hyacinths, double ones and miniature ones for juvenile flower lovers. To our taste, the single flowers are much the most tasteful and satisfactory. The following are the three best we have chosen out of a picked list of 100 varieties:

Norma has a very fine spike, large bulbs, and of a very delicate rose color.

Grand Vainqueur, pure white, thick spike, and dense bells.

Grand Lilas, delicate porcelain blue, large bells, and a superb spike.

IN-DOOR CULTURE OF HYACINTHS.

Like other flowers of the window garden, hyacinths hardly do well in a close room or near the fire. They should not be placed on the mantelpiece. The best time to begin planting hyacinths in glasses, is October or beginning of November. Fill the glasses with pure water as far as to touch the bulb, and must be renewed as soon as the ends of the roots begin to look woolly, which happens sometimes after a fortnight or three weeks. A little wood charcoal is very effectual in preventing the water from becoming staid. Put the glasses in a cool, dark place till the bulbs have made sufficiently long roots, after which they can bear from 60 to 70 degrees Fahrenheit. After bringing out to the light, give them always as much fresh air as possible to keep them dwarf, as much light and sun as possible to get the colors in full perfection, and by pouring every day some rain water on the tops before they are in bloom (a soft shower would do them much good), makes the bells open and large, and the flower robust.

Place the glasses always on wood, as stone, brick or iron makes the water too cold for the growth of the roots.



The Meyerbeer Gladiolus.

PRETTY HOUSEHOLD ORNAMENTS.

Take a turnip or carrot, scoop it out, fill with earth, plant with canary seed or chicken weed, and suspend by strings in the window. The oddity of the sight will be quite as attractive as the prettiness of the idea.

Take a common pine cone, and plant in its crevices a few canary seeds, place this half way in a hyacinth water glass, and the seeds will sprout and throw out delicate little green feathery blades, shortly filling the whole upper portion with a little festoon of verdure.

The sweet potato vine is also a curiosity; few would believe, until they tried it, how pretty a sight might be made of it. Put a sweet potato in a tumbler of water, or any similar glass vessel, fill with water, keep the lower end of the tuber about one to two inches from the bottom of the vessel, keep on the mantel shelf, sun it for an hour or two each day, and soon little roots will appear, the eye will throw up a pretty vine, and grow rapidly over any trellis work above.

The Morning Glory is one of the prettiest climbers for parlor windows, give it plenty of sun.

GIVE YOUR FLOWERS PLENTY OF ROOM.

A lady writer in the Country Gentleman, speaking of her flower garden, warns those who are thinking of starting one, against "too great economy of space." She writes: "I once fancied it a great waste of ground to sow Aster seeds an inch apart, as a friend said I ought, but thought five or six seeds to the inch better; the flowers can be imagined! I learned, by experience, however, that twelve inches were better than one!"

HOW TO GROW PLANTS FROM CUTTINGS.

Anna Warner tells the flower readers of *The Independent*, how to do this nicely.

Do not attempt to make long cuttings. I think from two to four inches is quite enough; and a single inch of your wood is very available, even in the hands of a non-professional. Regular florists, of course, with all their facilities, can work with still less. Make a smooth, clean cut across your shoot, just close below a joint, say the old gardening books; but it seems now that this is not needful for most plants. Clip off some of the lower leaves, if there are many, and set your cuttings pretty close together in three or four inches of sand or earth, covering them up to the first joint. Press the sand firmly around them, water them gently and thoroughly, and then never allow them to wilt. If you are trying the "saucer" plan, of which I have spoken before, the cuttings must be kept in the full sunshine, more than wet. If not, let them be shaded lightly and have plenty of air and just water enough. Remove carefully, without disturbing the fixedness of the cutting, any dead leaves that drop off, so as to keep the surface of the sand fresh and clean; and as soon as the cuttings strike root put them off separately in very small pots. You can easily tell when they are ready for this, for as soon as young leaves begin to start at the top of the cutting, it is almost sure that the young roots have started as well. Have fine, light, rich soil in which to pot them off; shade them a little for a day or two; and when the white roots begin to creep out at the bottom of the pot, skillfully transfer the young plant, with its ball of earth, to a pot just one size larger. And let this last process be continued from time to time, so that the plant may have room to grow without any danger of becoming pot-bound; while, on the other hand, it is not over-fed by being given much more earth than it is ready to occupy.

BASKET FOR CLIMBING PLANTS.

A Michigan lady writes the *Western Rural*, that she has had good success with the *Cobaea Scandens*. "It is a beautiful climber, grows very thrifty, branching largely, and but for the difficulty in germinating, it would be the one I prefer above all others.

"By the way, I must tell how I made the basket containing it. Cut grapevines as large as the little finger, in pieces ten inches long. With a penknife, make holes in each piece, one inch from the end. Have the sticks well soaked so they will work easy; pass a piece of steel hoop through the holes, burn the ends to make it bend, so as to fasten it. Get the distance evenly, and pass another piece of hoop through the other ends of the sticks, fasten the steel together so as to have the basket about thirteen inches in diameter. Have the sticks two inches apart; put at equal distances three pieces of hoop, from top to bottom, that the weight of the dirt may not come on the sticks so as to split them. Weave the vines of five-leaved ivy around the hoop at top and bottom of basket, and also around the basket midway. Put pieces of hoop or strong wire across for the bottom, and line with moss.

"This is a very pretty rustic basket, and one can make it without expense. The five-leaved or American ivy is very pretty for baskets. It requires very little to support it, and grows rankly. Ground ivy (*Nepeta glechoma*) is nice for baskets. I do not know of anything which will better repay one's care than this. A little pot or basket of it in winter is beautiful, and it possesses the advantage of being perfectly hardy. Indeed, an occasional freezing improves it. It requires much moisture and little sun.

"Nothing pleases me more than the Dianthus as a bedding plant. It sports badly. Last year I had three colors only; this year I have at least twenty, from seed saved from them. Some are large and beautiful, others small and inferior. The *Whitlavia* is very pretty, hardy, and a free bloomer. When the first blossoms are gone, cut off the seed stalks, and a second crop will be produced.

"A box with holes bored in the sides, in which house-leaks are placed, is a pretty ornament for a piazza or garden. I have one made three years ago, which is entirely covered, no part of the box being visible."

HOW TO MAKE MOSS BASKETS.

Get the moss from some old woodland; the green feathery moss is best. Then take pasteboard and make a frame in any form desired. When the pasteboard forms are cut out, take bright colored thibet, silk or satin, and cut pieces the same shape as the pasteboard forms, only one-fourth of an inch larger. Place the pasteboard on the cloth, glue or paste the edges down and sew the pieces together. Take a narrow strip of pasteboard, cover with the same the basket is covered with. Then take pieces of chenille cord and braid over and under the length of the strip. Fasten each end to opposite sides of the basket. Cut the moss from the roots, paste it thickly on the outside of the basket; take chenille cord, like that on the handle or bail, glue it in every seam inside and around the top, taking pains to do it all nicely, and the work is done.

TO CRYSTALLIZE GRASSES, FLOWERS, Etc.

Dissolve six ounces of alum in one quart of water, boil until dissolved; steep the grasses or flowers in the solution while hot. By the time the water is cold the crystals will be formed. If the crystals are too large add more water. Separate the little branches gently, taking off the superfluous lumps. Fern leaves, oats, flax and the long feathery grasses are the most beautiful for crystallizing.

TO PREPARE GUM TRAGACANTH

For making moss baskets or sticking dried flowers, etc., to paper, get three cents' worth, put it into a tumbler, cover with water. A little acetic vinegar will keep it a long while. When thoroughly dissolved it is ready for use.—*Maine Farmer*.

Ladies' Floral Cabinet

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EDITORIAL GOSSIP.

Ladies, we welcome you to our floral table. Is it not charming, begirt with flowers and hanging baskets, and with such sweet remembrances of the brilliant Gladiolus, or *Diadem Pink*? Do you not feel quite inclined to stay and see what our beautiful title will show you from time to time and year to year? We want you all to join our goodly floral army, and we assure you we have come to captivate and to stay. You will always find in our pages a cozy corner that will just suit your tastes. Here is our chat on flowers. It tells you monthly how to grow them, what to plant and how to train, and how to make your window gardens even more handsome than ever. This is the first, and the only paper in America that is devoted specially to flower gardening for ladies. Give it a cordial good word of cheer and help among your acquaintances. Every lady loves flowers, and she will find our pages always full of good practical suggestions that will help her out of many a trouble and go far to make home happy.

Besides flowers, which form a part of our paper, we will give you, monthly, an abundance of fine pictorial reading of choicest interest to the family circle. The mother can find hints and helps on housekeeping and home comforts; the young lady, notes on fashion, dress and society; the young man, on love, marriage, courtship and good manners; hints for self-improvement, and helps to a noble manhood and success in life. While father and the little ones can join the merry crowd and have a hearty laugh over our *Pop Corn* and *Drop Corners*. In short, we intend to give you one of the most sociable, genial, and richly illustrated family papers ever published; and we want every lady, boy or girl, who is interested in good moral healthful literature, to be like the "*Little Gardener*" on our last page, who is so cheerfully "*Helping Tom to Garden*," to take up their rakes and form an enterprising floral army, helping us to garden too, in the homes of all good families in the country, and gather them like precious flower blossoms into our great *Cabinet* of beauty, amusement and instruction.

A MILLION FLOWERS IN BLOOM.

One day last August, there were in bloom on the flower farm of a friend, at Queens, Long Island, a million plants—Lilies, Gladiolus, Tuberoses and other flowers. 'Was ever a sight seen more delightful than this; acres of gladiolus, with their scarlet, white and variegated colors; acres of lilies, wafting their intense fragrance upon the air for thousands of feet around? Nothing this side of heaven could equal the almost angelic loveliness of these gems of floral purity and grace. This is much the largest show of bulbs in one mass ever exhibited near this city. Think of ten acres of gladiolus, solidly planted together, with 500,000 plants. Think of ten more acres of lilies, close beside them, with 100,000 heads of blooming cups and crowns looking out so sweetly to you. Think of twenty acres of tuberoses, and 200,000 bulbs growing in one solid phalanx, ready for you and I to plant everywhere next year. There will be three mil-

ions there next year instead of one million flowers to bloom, waiting for us all to see them. Fifty-five acres are now devoted to flower culture. Seven new green houses have just been erected. Thirty-five new acres have been added.

This only shows how rapid the taste for flowers has increased of late, until, to meet the demand of so many thousand cultivators, flowers are now propagated and sold, not by the dozen or hundred, but by the hundred thousand, and cover not one garden alone, but take an entire farm. Of the beautiful floral curiosities on Mr. Allen's flower farm, a great novelty is,

The Tigrinum Splendidum, a fine variety of the Tiger Lily, growing eight feet high, with large clusters of flowers at top, and bearing an abundance of seed. This is the tallest Tiger Lily we have ever seen.

The Double Tiger Lily is of more compact growth, with more side stalks, not quite as high as the other, but more full of bloom. There have been counted eighty-five flowers on one single stem, and the plants have remained in bloom full two months. This is a most valu-

able characteristic, as most farm lilies bloom quickly, lose their fragrance, and are soon gone. Among all the *Gladiolus*, none pleased us more highly than

The Meyerbeer. Its perfect shape, and brilliant light red color, with large flower, make it the gem of the collection, a gorgeous sight. Among the cheaper varieties, yet fully as lovely in bloom, are the *Belle Gabrielle*, fine rose color with large flowers and perfect form.

The Shakespeare, white, blazed with rose, and *Lord Byron*, very brilliant scarlet, a most showy variety, or the *Belle Gabrielle*, would form the finest pair of Gladiolus now to be obtained at reasonable prices.

Upon various parts of the lawn were planted large masses of the

Salvia Splendens, the most gorgeous of all fall blooming flowers. Its waving blooms of bright scarlet are so vivid in color as to be seen a half mile in the distance. No plant we have ever known will so enliven a door-yard as this. It is the gayest of the gay.

A small bed of *Double Portulacae*, fifty feet square, was carpeted over with a complete mass of

plants of the finest colors of yellow, crimson, white and red. The *Portulacae* is admirable for pot culture. Ladies will do well to try it in their window gardens. The *Double Portulacae* is a novelty of but one or two seasons' introduction, and as yet but little seed is attainable at high rates. It would surprise our readers to learn that this little bed of 50 by 50 was worth \$400 in seed to its owner, and not enough seed yet to supply the demand.

In one part of the garden were some plants of the *Chionodoxa Dampieri*, or *Glory Pea*, one of the most charming novelties that ever graced an American garden. With Mr. Allen it has stood a good deal of freezing, remaining out of doors all winter, even when the thermometer measured 50 below freezing point. One plant will send out a good number of side shoots. These should be lifted from the ground and supported by small stakes. A single flower will not, perhaps, make as fine a display as a number together, but a bouquet of them is exquisite. They should not be started in the hot house; they do better started and grown in the open air.



The Diadem Pink.

THE DIADEM PINK.

No flower novelty introduced in the past ten years has given so much delight as the *Diadem Pink*. At first some trouble was experienced from mixed seeds, and sports untrue to name, but now propagators have obtained a strain of true character, and the bloom of perfect plants is unequalled for brilliancy by any other plant in the flower garden.

The true *Diadem Pink* (*Dianthus Heddeicii diadematus flore pleno*) is a plant of luxurious, yet compact and dwarf growth. It throws up freely its shoots, and the flowers appear in natural abundance. The colors vary from crimson edges and white centers, to blotched faces and petals, containing an immense number of variations of these colors; lilacs and purple are also frequent colors, and have their changes also, but the principal characteristics are as shown in the engraving—zones of scarlet, shaded more or less with white edges, in three or more rows, or again white centers, with shadings of other colors.

We have raised frequently flowers perfect facsimiles of our illustration, so fine in tints and shape, it would be impossible to describe them.

It is proper to say that from a single packet of seeds, there will often be found flowers of such colors that they could hardly seem to be the same variety, in consequence of the variations. Yet they all retain the same general form, and are all equally beautiful.

The Diadem Pink is a flower that is so eminently worthy of culture in every garden, we can recommend it for general trial. With us it has done exceedingly well on light, warm soil. They will bear considerable manure, applied well-rotted in either the fall or spring. The same treatment given to Sweet Williams will produce good blooms of this also.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

Early Issue.

THE CABINET is issued considerably in advance of date in order to allow abundance of time for the formation of clubs and complete registry of names of subscribers before the January number is issued.

Premiums.

Every subscriber at 75 cents, receives a Premium of Package of Flower Seeds, the *Diadem Pink* or *Camellia Flowered Balsam*; and the same to any one forming a club of 10 for 60 cents each, together with a copy of THE CABINET free. Please enclose a postage stamp when you order premiums.

Clubs.

Our terms are so cheap, a club of 50 could be raised in every town or village—only 60 cents each. Remember, too, it is a great novelty in journalism—the only paper devoted to *Flowers in the world*. Try for a big club.

Floral Books.

Daisy Eyebright's new book, "*Every Woman her own Flower Gardener*," will please every one. It is practical, simple and charmingly written, only 50 cents. *Window Gardening* will soon be ready (Dec. 15), written by the editor of THE CABINET, and will be profusely illustrated with engravings.

Catalogue.

Our Illustrated Catalogue gives a complete list of all books on Flowers and Gardening in America. Send 5 cent postage stamp for full information of these and other rural books.

Subscription Agency.

We club together 100 papers or more, at rates very favorable to every subscriber. You will save 25 to 50 cents on every paper by this clubbing system. THE CABINET is given free, with many of the papers, whose price is over \$3. Full list in our Catalogue.

The Horticulturist.

This will be valuable to any fond of gardening, fruit culture, and designs of cottages; also largely devoted to flowers. On trial, 3 months for 30 cents. A finely illustrated magazine.

Initial Stationery.

This is a charming novelty—fine Initial Paper, rose tinted, perfumed, and every box has a package of flower seeds; only 50 cents; given also as a premium for a club of 15 to THE CABINET.

Sending Money.

Be careful to send by P. O. money order or registered letter. We will mail every thing promptly, as soon as letters are received.

Pleasant Thoughts.

THE PANSY.

"There is a little flower that's found
In almost every garden ground;
This lowly, but its sweetest
And if its name express its power,
A more invaluable flower,
You'll never, never meet."

The Pansy was introduced into the floral world for special culture, in the year 1812, by Lady Monek. Since then it has passed through many gradations of improvement, so that the contrasts between the old sorts and the garden varieties of the present day are most striking indeed; one could hardly see any form of semblance or recognizance.

It has been always a flower fondly loved, and our ancestors have bestowed upon it various endearing names, such as *Three Faces under a Hood*, *Herb Trinity*, *Love in Idleness*, and *Kit Runabout*. Its most poetic and appropriate name is *Heart's Ease*, for the sentiment of which the above verse was written.

"Are not Pansies emblems meet for thought?
The pure, the chequered—gay and deep by turns;
A hue for every mood the bright things wear,
In their soft, velvety coats."

HANGING BASKETS AS HOUSEHOLD ORNAMENTS.

Now-a-days, a window without flowers, or hanging baskets, means that the owner is behind the fashion, for flowers are now considered everywhere the most beautiful and inexpensive means of room decoration. In our large cities, one of the most fashionable diversions of the ladies is to fill their windows with pretty plants, either planted in *jardinières* of costly tile, or else in hanging baskets of most rustic make. After a little time, when they have grown to appropriate height, and the drooping plants have attained sufficient length, the real beauty of the window garden is apparent. Every visitor on the very moment of entrance into the parlor or drawing room, is full of exclamations of delight at the simple, yet wondrous beauty of the flowers and plants, and even the passer by on the sidewalk will stop for a moment in his hurry and look lovingly upon the cozy bower of bloom just inside the glazed window pane.

Flowers are our best educators of taste and healthy sentiment—always suggestive of purity and refinement. A celebrated modern writer has said, "if parents will surround their dwellings with more flowers and objects of rural ornament, their girls will have more brains, and their boys will not get the mitten," a saying assuredly true, for boys and girls, men and women, love beautiful homes, and flowers are by far the cheapest and handsomest form of adornment—a home thus beautified is always attractive.

The hanging basket is now constructed of so many curious materials, and in so many forms, that it is impossible to enumerate them. We have seen in some of the rustic log cabins of the Rocky mountains, a large peach-can filled full of earth, and suspended by two strings from the upper ceiling of the window, while the lady had filled it with some native drooping fern and sown a few seeds of *Portulacca*, just blazing with its brilliant colors of scarlet or yellow. Such a basket did not cost ten cents in money, nor half an hour in time, yet it was beautiful to every one. Our horticultural stores afford us an endless supply of wire baskets, rustic baskets, with wooden cedar bowls and twisted roots below, or running up the arms at each side. One of the prettiest styles is to choose the open wire frame basket, fill it with moss, then plant in the center anything you choose; a *Primula* would be very pretty, for it loves an abundance of moisture.

Some very pretty clay bowls are now seen quite frequently. They are almost too shallow, but are intended specially for delicate drooping plants, there being not sufficient space for a large variety of erect plants.

Fig. 1 is a design for a hanging basket of more than usual elegance. The box is made of handsomely carved wood, the inside lined with zinc or clay; the basin is filled with earth, and in it are planted begonias, caladiums, coleus, geraniums, ivy, ornamental grasses, *Calla Lily*, and quite a variety of other flowers. The size is



Fig. 1.

about 2 by 3½ by 3½. Worsteds cords and tassels help out the richness of the frames and the brilliant colorings of the plants within. Few or no hanging baskets we have ever seen can equal this design in richness and taste.

Fig. 2 is a picture of the *Convolvulus* drooping over the sides of a rustic carved bowl in a hanging basket. The *Convolvulus* family affords some very desirable plants for hanging baskets. They are free bloomers, very showy, and have exceedingly handsome flowers with rich colors. Among best varieties is the *Tricolor* minor, a trailer, with rich violet purple color, and white center. The *Contabrics stellatus*, has flowers of a delicate pink, and pure white double star in the center, flowers produced in great profusion, and forms not only a fine plant for rock work, but also very desirable for hanging baskets.

Fig. 3 is an illustration of a large, deep basket filled with a dense growth of the *Convolvulus Mauritanicus*. This is a highly ornamental plant of drooping, half shrubby character, slender habit, with a profusion of elegant light blue blossoms, upward of an inch in width, forming an admirable plant for suspended vases or baskets. It continues long in blossom, and when permitted to grow and cover some mound upon the lawn, its picturesque porcelain blue blossoms are conspicuously beautiful.

Among other pretty devices, is that of the cocoa-nut shell. The upper part should be sawed off, say one-fifth down, then attach scarlet cords to the sides, and plant the inside with *Moneyworth*. Its trailing stems will hang downward bright with golden blossoms of exquisite coloring.

Another form of basket, very cheap, is to take the dried burrs of the Sweet Gum Tree, string them together into the desired shape on strong wire, just as beads are in the fancy baskets of our stores. The burrs have a pleasant rustic appearance in the room, and will be appreciated, particularly in city residences, as they carry so genial a memory of the country and rural scenery. If the burrs should drop, they are not easily broken or injured in any way, and can be strung on again.

Much the simplest, most ornamental and popular of all styles of hanging baskets, is the rustic wooden bowl filled with ivy. It rarely or never needs attention, is constantly growing and twining its delicate

clay pot with its saucer, crowding around it all sorts of moss, and you have a "thing of beauty."

Good garden soil is the best for all hanging baskets. Some plants need this slightly modified by mixing common sand with it, others require leaf mould or bog earth, or the soil from the margins of ponds and woodland streams, in small proportions; but when these cannot be obtained, garden soil, enriched with liquid manure, leached from stable manure, will give very satisfactory results.

To grow the *Chinese Primrose* most successfully, select for soil two parts garden mould and one part sand; water often, but slightly. Raise from seed or division of the root, in sandy soil. Take offsets from old roots in May; reset them in fresh soil and keep the pots in the shade till September.

Gloxinias are exceedingly beautiful, bearing flowers of a rose or crimson color; they, too, make a fine display, either in pots or in small hanging baskets.

The *Cyclamen persicum*, with flowers pink, white or purplish, is very pretty, and will accommodate itself to the same size pots as the others. When fresh soil is given them, old bulbs will start off new ones, in September; after the summer, rest in the shade.

Two or three *Verbenas* are pretty, in sets of white, scarlet and maroon colors, or white, pink and purple, spreading and drooping, creeping or climbing, just as they choose; they flourish much better thus than when trained and trimmed. New plants should be started from seed or small branches every June; keep them rather dry and shaded till September, then give them plenty of sunshine, and increase the water, but never water them very freely. *Petunias* should be treated like *Verbenas*. Baskets, a foot in diameter, may be filled as follows: Select a *Zonale Geranium*, either *Tom Thumb*, *Fire King* or *Mrs. Pollock*, or *Mountain of Snow*, with its white bordered leaves, and an ivy-leaved geranium to climb up the handles; then a *Maurandia*, a *Solanum*, or two or three *Vines* to trail around the brim and about the basket. Raise these all from branches rooted in sand, under glass, in May. Water frequently, but sparingly, till in May, then give them liquid manure and plenty of water.

The air of the room for hanging baskets should be moist with the evaporation of water from the stove or furnace (a dry, heated atmosphere is injurious). The best temperature is 55 deg. to 65 deg. Care in little particulars like this will soon make every hanging basket a pride and a delight.



Fig. 2.

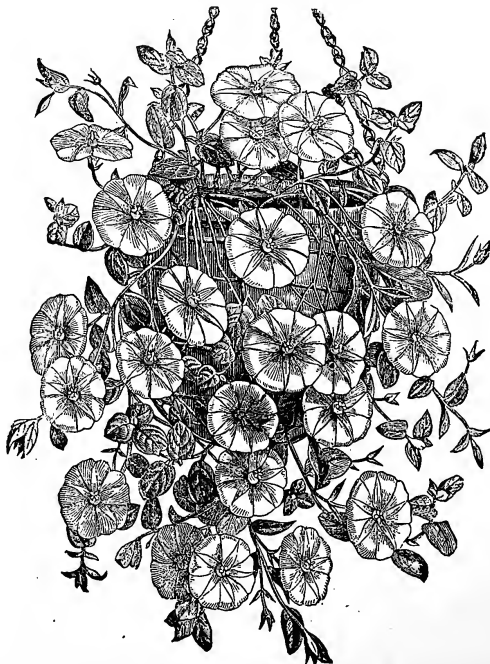


Fig. 3.

Home Readings.

LITTLE TEASE.

Hiding her grandmother's knitting away,
Teaching the kittens their letters, in play,
Climbing up to the table and shelf,
Having a ten-party all by herself,
Quiet a minute, in mischief no doubt,
Pulling the needles and thimbles about,
Sewing her apron, demure as you please;
Any one got such a dear little tease?

Printing her hands in the soft, tempting flour,
Tumbling and bumps twenty times in an hour;
Tangling the yarn and unravelling the lace,
Doing it all with the prettiest grace,
Mother is scolding her very bad girl,
Says that she sets the whole house in a whirl!
Looks at her pointing there down at her knees,
Clasps to her heart again, dear little tease.

ANCIENT HYMN.

Art thou weary, art thou languid, art thou sore dis-
tressed?
"Come to me," saith One—and "coming be at rest!"
To his feet and hands are round, white, and his side,
In thine diadem, as monarch, that his brow adorns?
Yea; a crown, in every smut—but of thorns!
If I find him, if I follow, what his garden here?
Many a sorrow, many a labor, many a tear!
If I still hold closely to him, what hath he at last?
Sorrow vanquished, labor ended, Jordan passed!
If I ask him to receive me, will he say me nay?
Not till earth and not till heaven pass away!
Tending, following, keeping, staying; is he sure to
bless?
Angels, martyrs, prophets, pilgrims, answer "Yes!"

FARMER SPEEDWELL'S HASTY PUDDING.

Old John Speedwell was a well-to-do farmer,
living in the western part of Vermont.

His family consisted of his wife, Phoebe, two
sons, Amos and Jim, and two daughters, Reliance
and Prudence (which names were very ap-
propriate, as the elder daughter was a model of
reliance, and the other was prudence personi-
fied).

The elder daughter, Reliance, was engaged to
be married to a neighboring farmer, a young
man who was well to do.

In those days there was no butcher to bring
fresh meat every day, as at the present time,
but people had to rely on their own resources
for dinner; and, on the morning which opens
our story, old farmer Speedwell had proposed to
have some hasty pudding and milk for dinner;
and, as his word was law, it was agreed upon.

After breakfast farmer Speedwell and his sons
went to their haying, Dame Speedwell to her
work, and the girls busied themselves about their
domestic duties.

At the proper time, Dame Speedwell made the
pudding, taking care to salt it well, as she knew
her husband liked a good deal of salt, hung it
over a slow fire and went up stairs to put the
winter clothing in camphor.

It was only a few moments before Reliance
came into the kitchen when, seeing the pudding
cooking, and knowing that her mother was apt
to forget to salt it, she put in a handful of salt
and stirred it well, so that her father would not
have occasion to find fault.

Soon after Prudence passed through the
kitchen and, reasoning the same as Reliance
had, she also added a handful of salt, and went
about her work again.

Before long Amos entered to get a jug of
molasses and water, and soon after Jim, each of
whom put in a handful more of salt, as they had
no more faith in the mother's remembering it,
than Reliance or Prudence had.

Just before dinner time, farmer Speedwell re-
turned from work, and when he saw the pud-
ding cooking, said: "That puddin' smells all-
fired good, but I'll bet a sixpence wife's forgot
to salt it, as she always does; I used to depend
on Reliance, till she got her head chock full of
that young man o' hers, but I can't reckon on
her thinkin' on't now; and, as to Prudence, she
is so cautious she would not dare to salt it any-
how; so I guess I'll salt it myself," and, suit-
ing the action to the word, he put in a big handful
of salt, stirring it well in.

Twelve o'clock came, and they were all seated
at the table, when farmer Speedwell helped him-
self to a good share of the pudding, and took a
mouthful; but no sooner had he tasted it than
he leaped up, exclaiming: "Who salted this
puddin'?" then recollecting that he salted it him-
self, he left the room, saying: "I should think

that thundering colt was trying to kick through
the barn floor!"

The next who tried it was Amos, who leaped
up also, and left to "see what that colt was
doing!"

Then followed Reliance, Prudence and Jim,
who, each and all, escaped on some pretence,
leaving Dame Speedwell in amazement, to realize
the truth of the old adage: "The proof of the
pudding is in the eating."

QUAINT MINISTERS.

Of the quaint sayings of Father Taylor, many
old and some new ones are finding their way
into print. James Freeman Clarke tells us that
once, when his sentences were getting tangled,
and the way of extricating himself from the
verbal labyrinth was not apparent, he suddenly
stopped and said: "Brethren, my nominative
has lost its verb, and can't find it; but I am bound
to the Kingdom of Heaven all the same." Rev.
Mark Trafton tells the story that once, when
demanding support for supernumeraries, he pitifully
remarked: "They deserve to be fed on preserved
diamonds." To a prayer meeting, which had
just been told that repentance was never too
late, for a sinner blown up in a powder mill could
make his peace with Heaven before he fell to the
earth, Father Taylor said: "Do not trust in
such a chance, brethren—don't wait for your
dying hour before you repent; perhaps you
never will be blown up in a powder mill."

THE GENEROUS BOY.

One day a gentleman saw two boys going
along the streets in New York. They were
barefooted. Their clothes were ragged and
dirty, and tied together by pieces of string.
One of the boys was perfectly happy over a
half-withered bunch of flowers which he had
just picked up in the street. "I say, Billy,"
said he to his companion, "wasn't somebody
real good to drop these 'ere posies just where I
could find them? And they're so pooly and
nice! Look sharp, Billy; mebbe you'll find
something bimeby." Presently the gentleman
heard his merry voice again, saying: "Oh! jolly,
Billy! if here ain't most half a peach! and
'a'n't much dirtier neither. 'Cause you ha'n't
found nothing, you may bite first." Billy was
just going to take a very little taste of it when
his companion said: "Bite bigger, Billy; mebbe
we'll find another 'fore long."

Yes, that shows how a hungry boy was glad
to get hold of half of a castaway dirty peach;
but, better still, there is a lesson of generosity
in it. The poor boy wished his playfellow to
share in what little he had. See, too, how it is
possible for some people to make a good use of
what others throw away.

"There is a good deal of valuable matter to
be found sometimes in heaps of rubbish," says
Professor Tryall.

BUSINESS LIKE HENS.

Old Starks, an honest German, had a farm
about three miles from the village of Naples, on
the Illinois river, and, like most of his country-
men who settle in that country, was great on
garden truck—butter, eggs, etc.—which he car-
ried regularly to the town to sell on barter for
family supplies.

One day he came in as usual, and Peter Crit-
zer, the storekeeper, thinking to get a saw on
the old man, said:

"Well, Starks, got some more eggs?"

"Yah, I have a few."

"I paid you a bit for the last," said Critzer,
"but we have had a convention of the storekeep-
ers, and they have resolved to give only ten
cents in future."

"Yah. Vell, my hens they have a meetin',"
replied Starks, "an' dey resolves wat dey won't
wear 'emselves out layin' eggs for less than fif-
teen shents!" And the old man stalked off,
leaving Pete to stand the laugh of the crowd.

THERE are more than 200 plants in one of the
school houses in Springfield, Mass. Scarcely a
window in the building but has its row of plants;
pictures adorn the walls, and all the appliances
for making the rooms pleasant and a sojourn in
them profitable, abound.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

It is a singular and noteworthy fact, that
although the song of "Home, Sweet Home" has
attained a world-wide popularity, and contains,
exclusive of the chorus, but eight lines, it is
rarely printed correctly. In a reading-book for
schools, published in the city of New York, a
copy of this song, attached to a brief sketch of
its author, is marred by no less than fourteen
errors. The following is a literal copy from the
author's own manuscript:

"O! pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
He it over so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with else-
where!"

Home, Home! sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home!
There's no place like Home!

An exile from Home, splendor dazzles in vain!
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
—The birds sing only that came at my call—
Give me them!—and the peace of mind dearer than all!

Home, Home! sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home!
There's no place like Home!

FUN IN THE FAMILY.

What a healthful thing to have one jolly per-
son in the house, ready to laugh at anything
ludicrous, or even able to create sport at any
time. There are enough to reflect on the sad
side of life, and its irritable side, and its sober
side. We need one or more to show the mirth
that often trembles just below the surface of
painful things. A real, impetuous laugh dissi-
pates many illusions, sweeps the twilight out of
our imaginations, and brings honest daylight.
But it must be real. No dry, hacking laugh. It
should be spontaneous, out-bursting, irresistible,
infectious. We have seen men fall to laughing,
who had not heard the cause of mirth, but only
had caught the contagion of other men's laugh-
ing. It is hard not to laugh with men who are
in earnest about it.

"IF I ONLY HAD CAPITAL."

"If I only had capital," we heard a young
man say a few days ago as he puffd away at a
ten cent cigar, "I would do something."

"If I only had capital," said another as he
walked away from a dram-shop where he had
just paid ten cents for a drink, "I would go into
business."

The same remark might have been heard from
the young man loafing on the street corner.
Young man with the cigar, you are smoking
away your capital. You from the dram-shop
are drinking yours and destroying your body at
the same time—and you on the street-corner are
wasting yours in idleness and forming bad habits.
Dimes make dollars. Time is money. Don't
wait for a fortune to begin with. If you had
ten thousand dollars a year and spent it all, you
would be poor still. Our men of power and in-
fluence did not start with fortunes. You, too,
can make your mark, if you will. But you
must stop spending your money for what you
don't need, and squandering your time in idle-
ness.

PERSEVERANCE.

Every American boy should have written on
his memory, with the point of a diamond, the
history of Cyrus Field, in his efforts to perfect
the Atlantic telegraph.

It required thirteen years of the most untir-
ing labor, and "often," says Mr. Field, "has
my heart been ready to sink. Many times when
wandering in the forests of Newfoundland, in
the pelting rain, or on the deck of ships in dark,
stormy nights, alone, far from home, I have
almost accused myself of madness and folly,
thus to sacrifice the peace of my family, and all
the hopes of life for what might prove at last
only a dream. Yet one hope led me on, and I
have prayed that I might not taste death till this
work was accomplished. That prayer is answer-
ed, and now, beyond all acknowledgment to men,
is the feeling of gratitude to God."

Whatever your line of work, remember it is
only a similar industry and perseverance, that
will win for you the highest success. You can
crawl along through life, like the earth worm,
with low aims and attainments, and never be
obliged to make much exertion, but who would
desire an earth worm's existence? Who would
desire to leave so little record "on the sands of
time?"

The Housekeeper's Corner.

To Remove Acid Stains and Restore Color.

When color on a fabric has been accidentally
or otherwise destroyed by acid, ammonia is ap-
plied to neutralize the same, after which an ap-
plication of chloroform will, in almost all cases,
restore the original color. The application of
ammonia is common; but that of chloroform is
but little known. Chloroform will also remove
paint from a garment or elsewhere, when benzole
or bisulphide of carbon fails.

Snow Pudding.

Two tablespoonsful of tapioca, soaked over
night in enough water to cover it, one quart
of milk, let it boil, three eggs and one cup of sugar;
beat the yolks, tapioca and sugar together and
stir into the boiling milk; let it boil till it thick-
ens; flavor to taste; beat the whites to a stiff
froth and put them in your pudding dish and
pour the hot pudding over them.

Corn Starch Paste.

Corn starch makes the best paste for scrap-
books. Dissolve a small quantity in cold water,
then cook it thoroughly. Be careful and not
get it too thick. When cold it should be thin
enough to apply with a brush. It will not
mould nor stain the paper. It is the kind used
by daguerreotypists on "gem" pictures.

Doing up a Shirt Bosom.

Make a gum-arabic powder—put it into a
pitcher, and pour on it a pint of boiling water
(according to the degree of strength you require),
and then, having covered it, let it stand all night.
In the morning pour it carefully from the dregs
into a clean bottle, cork it and keep it for use.
A tablespoonful of gum-water stirred i
n pint of starch, that has been made in the usual
manner, will give to lawns (either white or
printed) a look of newness, when nothing else
can restore them after washing. It is also good
(much diluted) for thin white muslin and bob-
inet.

Sweeping Carpets.

Persons who are accustomed to use tea-leaves
for sweeping carpets, and find that they leave
stains, will do well to employ fresh-cut grass
instead. It is better than tea-leaves for pre-
venting dust, and gives the carpet a very bright,
fresh look.

A Cheap Sugar Cake.

Ingredients: Three eggs, quarter of a pound
of butter, one pound of sugar, one teaspoonful
of sour cream, and a teaspoonful of soda; use
just enough flour to make the dough of a con-
sistency to roll it out. Flavor with nutmeg.

Chloride of Lime.

Comparatively few people know the value of
chloride of lime. It is only excelled by carbolic
acid in preventing decomposition of animal and
vegetable matter, and in removing impure odors.
It is a good protection against all malarious dis-
eases, and a small quantity should be kept in a
room in an open dish through the warm weather,
when such diseases are most prevalent. Cellars
where vegetables are kept should always be
supplied with it. It also drives away vermin.
Some caution is needed in its use, as it rusts
steel and destroys gilt articles if placed near
them. It is an excellent bleaching agent, but
clothes bleached with it should be well and
thoroughly rinsed, or it will injure them.

Buns.

Three cups of warm milk, one cup of sugar,
half a cup of yeast, make a thin batter and rise
over night. In the morning, if very light, add
one cup of sugar and one cup of butter, knead
stiff and rise again, then cut into small pieces
and roll in hand. Put into pans just to touch,
rise again, rub with the white of an egg and
bake light brown. This quantity makes sixty
buns. Currants or chopped raisins improve
them. These are much better than bakers'
buns.

Cheap Home Pudding.

For a small family, take one pint of milk, the
yolks of two eggs, three crackers rolled fine, and
bake. Use three-fourths cup of granulated sugar
and the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff
froth for frosting. When the pudding is done,
spread the frosting over it, and set it back into
the oven for a few minutes to brown a very little,
and your pudding is ready for the table.

For Young Men and Women.

COURTSHIP, MARRIAGE, SOCIETY AND HOME AMUSEMENTS.

A WOMAN'S ANSWER TO A MAN'S QUESTION.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the hand above?
A woman's heart and a woman's life—
And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing
As a child might ask for a toy?
Demanding what others have died to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy?

You have written my duty out—
"Man-like have you questioned me.
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul,
Until I question thee!"

You may require your mutton shall always be hot,
Your socks and your shirts be whole;
I require your heart to be true as God's stars,
And pure as Heaven your soul.

You require a cock for your mutton and beef,
I require a far greater thing;
A seamstress you're wanting for socks and for shirts,
I look for a man and a king.

A king for the beautiful realm called home,
And a man that the maker, God,
Shall look upon as he did on the first,
—And say, "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade
From my soft young cheek, one day;
Will you love me then 'mid the falling leaves,
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds heaven or hell,
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,
All things that a man should be;
If you give this all, I would stake my life
To be all you deemed of me.

If you cannot be this—a landress and cock
You can hire, and a little to pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not won that way.

WHAT WOMEN LIKE IN MEN.

Women, though they may not always indicate them in the choice of their husbands, have very decided preferences among men. It might be supposed that mere masculine beauty of form and feature would be sure of commanding a woman's attention and securing her affection; but all experience disproves this. Some of the most successful suitors of the female sex have been noted for their ugliness. The coarse, distorted face of the fierce Mirabeau, the leering eye and slaving mouth of the noted Wilkes, and the dwarfed, skulking figure of the intriguing Burr, were no obstacles to their wooing and winning the most beautiful women. Wilkes boasted, while he confessed himself the ugliest man in England, that he only required half an hour's talk with a woman to get the better of the handsomest fellow in the company. It was certainly not the beauty of face or figure which was the attraction that drew women to the embrace of these ugly but noted men. What pleases woman in man above all things is his devotion to her. The failure of the handsome fellow to gain her affection is thus easily accounted for. He is sure to be a coxcomb, and so absorbed in the contemplation of his own personal attractions as to give little heed to those of the other sex. The ugly gallant is not diverted by any self-admiration from his devoirs to female beauty, and thus gives up his whole soul to its worship; and, whatever may be his shortcomings in other respects, he is forgiven, and receives the full reward of the faithful.

Women, too, are apt to take fondly to those men who are notable. They are ambitious; and by associating themselves with those who are distinguished, they seem to share in their brilliancy of reputation. Leaders of the people, such as Mirabeau and Wilkes, are surrounded by just that kind of *ecclat* which dazzles the eye of woman and lures her on.

The secret of successful courtship is constant devotion rather than brilliancy or strategy.

AN OLD LADY'S ADVICE ON GETTING MARRIED.

"Now, John, listen to me, for I am older than you, and have seen much of women in their homes. Never do you marry a young woman, John, before you have contrived to happen at the house where she lives at least four or five times before breakfast. You should know how late she lies in bed in the morning. You should take

notice whether her complexion is the same in the morning as in the evening, or whether the wash and towel have robbed her of evening bloom. Observe her looks some time when you surprise her, and she is not expecting you. Overhear her conversation with her mother; if she is ill-natured and snappish, she will be so to you. Depend upon it, she is not the one for you. But if you find her up, and dressed neatly, in the morning, with the same countenance, the same smile, the same neatly combed hair, the same ready and pleasant answer to her mother which characterized her deportment the previous evening when you were present; and, particularly, if she is ready to lend a hand to get the breakfast ready in good season, she is a stunner, John, and the sooner you get her to yourself the better."

INFLUENCE OF FEMALE SOCIETY.

It is better for you, says Thackeray, to pass an evening once or twice in a lady's drawing-room, even though the conversation is slow, and you know the girl's song by heart, than in a club, tavern, or the pit of a theatre. All amusements of youth to which virtuous women are not admitted, rely on it, are deleterious in their nature. All men who avoid female society have dull preceptions, and are stupid, or have gross tastes, and revolt against what is pure. Your club swaggers, who are sucking the butts of billiard cues all night, call female society insipid. Poetry is insipid to a yokel; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a poor beast who does not know one tune from another; I protest I can sit for a whole night talking to a well-regulated, kindly woman about her girl coming out, or her boy at Eton, and liking the evening's entertainment. One of the great benefits a man may derive from a woman's society is, that he is bound to be respectful to them. The habit is of great good to your moral man, depend upon it. Our education makes us the most eminently selfish men in the world. We fight for ourselves, we push for ourselves, we yawn for ourselves, we light our pipes, and say we won't go out; we prefer ourselves and our case; and the greatest good that comes to a man from a woman's society is, that he has to think of somebody besides himself—somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful.

HOW TO LOVE TRULY.

Mrs. Stowe, in her letter to young women on connubial love, says: "Many women suppose that they love their husbands, when unfortunately they have not the bearing of an idea what love is. Let me explain to you, my dear young lady. Loving to be admired by a man, loving to be caressed by him, loving to be praised by him, is not loving him. All these may be when a woman has no power of love. They may all be simply because she loves herself and loves to be flattered, praised, caressed, coaxed, as a cat likes to be coaxed and stroked, and fed with cream, and have a warm corner. But all this is not love. It may exist, to be sure, where there is no love. Love, my dear ladies, is self-sacrifice; it is life out of self and in another. Its very essence is the preferring of the comfort, the ease, the wishes of another to one's own for the love we bear them. Love is giving, not receiving. Love is not a sheet of blotting paper or a sponge, sucking in everything to itself. Love's motto has been dropped in this world as a gem of great price by the loveliest, the fairest, the purest, the strongest of lovers that ever tread this mortal earth, of whom it is recorded that He said: 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' No; in love there are ten receivers to one giver."

YOUNG LADIES SHOULD UNDERSTAND HOUSE-KEEPING THOROUGHLY.

A lady writer in a London journal, in discussing the subject of marriage and celibacy, laid the cause of so many unsatisfactory marriages to the disinclination of women to give up society and devote themselves to housekeeping and efforts to make a happy home. There is a world of truth in her suggestions.

"When a girl marries, she ought, to a certain extent, to give up her acquaintances, and con-

sider the company of her husband the best company she can have. The young wife must learn cooking carefully, if she does not already have a good knowledge of it. There are many excellent cookery books, but she must not follow them implicitly. My own plan, for some time after I was married, was to take some dish and prepare it once according to the receipt given, and note carefully what ingredients could be dispensed with. The second time I generally managed it at half the expense. A useful plan is to keep a blank book in the kitchen table drawer, and whenever a deviation from the orthodox cookery book is made, to jot it down. Do not wait till you have washed your hands; let the book be finger-marked rather than lose an idea. You will thus learn more of household economy than if you trust to memory alone, and when your daughters grow up, what a fund of practical information it will be for them. To a great extent the celibacy of our young men is owing to the way in which girls are brought up. Through mistaken kindness mothers often do themselves what they ought to make their daughters do. Let them teach them housekeeping, on a fixed methodical plan, and they will then learn their history, French and music all the better. It is natural and right that a mother should wish to see her daughters well educated, and even highly accomplished, and it is a mistake that good and careful education would unfit a girl for the homely duties of cooking, dusting, etc. On the contrary, those duties would be better performed, and if mothers would, at the same time that they seek talented instructors for their daughters, impart to them some of their own culinary talent, there would be more good wives and more marriages. Little girls should be taught, as early as possible, to perform simple household duties neatly, and as they grow older let them become gradually acquainted with the theory of housekeeping in such a manner that when they are married they will be able to adapt themselves to their circumstances, and be useful as well as pleasing companions to their husbands.

STREET ETIQUETTE—WALKING WITH LADIES.

Only villagers or persons with rural ideas any longer contend that ladies should always be given the inside of the pavement in passing. The rule adopted in cities is to turn to the right, whether the right leads to the wall or to the gutter, and an observance of this common-sense rule would obviate much unpleasant "scrounging" by over-gallant gentlemen who persistently crowd for the outside of the walk. Another common custom, and required by fashionable etiquette, and one which is nearly as inexplicable and absurd, is the practice of a whole string of men filing out of a church pew, making themselves as ridiculous as an "awkward squad" practicing at "catching step" in order to give a woman the wrong end of the pew, is that of a man, when on a promenade or walk with a lady, to keep himself on the outside of the pavement.

A little exercise of judgment will convince any person of the utter uselessness of this bobbing back and forth at every corner.

The common rule is this: If a man and woman are walking, she should always be at his right arm, whether it be toward the inside or outside of the walk, then the woman will not be shoved against the passers.

BASHFUL MEN.

A really bashful man is generally a man of fine feeling and a nice sense of honor. His bashfulness is generally the result of certain fine touches of character, which time will mellow and bring out, his perceptions as delicate as the faintest tint of the unfolded rose; nor are his thoughts the less refined and beautiful that they do not flow with the impetuosity of the shallow streamlet. No woman need ever fear the man who is bashful in her presence, for his reverence for her is so great that his very glance is respectful worship.

"A flowery crown will I compose;
I'll weave the crocus, weave the rose—
I'll weave narcissus a delicate wet,
The hyacinth and violet;
The myrtle shall supply me green,
And lilacs laugh in light between,
That the rich tendrils of my beauty's hair,
May burst late to their crowning flower and light the painted air."

Our Court Circle.

"Oh, tell me where is fancy bred?"
She asked; and, getting bolder,
She placed her little darling head
And chignon on any shoulder.

And I, with no more poetry in
My soul than in a Quaker's,
Replied, with idiotic grin,
"You'll find it at the baker's."

"What is your consolation in life and death?" asked a Sunday school teacher of a young lady in the Bible class, who blushed and said: "I'd rather be excused from speaking his name."

When is a butterfly like a kiss? When it alights on tulips (two lips).

Question (to be asked by the lady you adore). What has been the brightest idea of the whole season? Answer (to be told to her in a confidential whisper). Your eye-dear.

"That scent is engaged," said a pretty, young maid, As I entered a carriage one day.
"To whom?" "A young gentleman," pouting she said.
"Then, where is his baggage, I pray?"

Her ruby lips opened like rose buds in spring,
Her face in deep blushes was dyed,
As smothering crossly: "You hateful old thing!"
"Why I am his baggage," she cried.

If small girls are waifs, are large ones waiters? "Certainly," says a sweet sixteen; at least the boys have the habit of applying them to their lips in sealing their vows."

A New York gentleman, by way of comforting his daughter, whose marriage he opposed, presented her with \$300 on leaving her at a Maine watering place. She sent the money to her lover, who came on immediately and married her.

A young Philadelphian, threatened with a breach of promise suit, says: "Sue away; contracts made on Sunday ain't legal."

A young man says that there may have been such a thing as real true love in olden times, but that now the notion is entirely obsolete; and if you ask a young lady now-a-days to share your lot, she immediately wants to know how large that "lot" is.

A worthy woman in Rochester, New York, who thought her daughter rather too young to receive calls from a very attentive young gentleman, the other evening gave them a very broad hint to that effect, first, by calling the girl out of the room and sending her to bed; and second, by taking into the room a huge slice of bread and butter, with molasses attachment, and saying to the youth in her kindest manner: "There, bubby, take this and go home; it's a long way, and your mother will be anxious."

Maidens must be mild and meek,
Swift to hear and slow to speak.

A QUEER COLLECTION.

A devout newspaper correspondent once attended a church in central New York on a Wednesday evening, saw the contribution box passed, and when most of the congregation had retired heard the Parson and a certain John Wiley quarreling about the possession and amount of money deposited by the good people. Seeing that it would take some time to settle their little disagreement, they adjourned to a neighboring tavern to count the money. First the Parson counted it, contriving to slip a fifty cent note up his sleeve during the process, and reported \$6.42. Then Mr. Wiley, unsatisfied with the teller's report, took the matter in hand, but could find only \$6.17. Then the deacon went for it, but his hands were so sticky that he could find but \$5.17. "Truly this is strange," said the Parson; "let me count it again; we ought to make it agree;" but when he looked at it he could discern but \$4.90, which Wiley found to be too much, for on recounting it he could find but \$4.82. And so the precious trio continued to count, till the Parson said: "This money appears to be enchanted; it takes unto itself the wings of a dove and flieeth away;" and the deacon proposed that as there now seemed to be but \$3 left, they should each take fifty cents as a remuneration for their arduous services. They agreed, and the deacon signed a receipt for \$1.50.

POP CORN.

A Scotchman's definition of Metaphysics.—
"When the folks what listen, dinna ken the
meaning o' what they hear, and when the mon
who speaks dinna ken what he means his ain
so!—that's metaphysics."

An old farmer said to his sons: "Boys, don't
you ever specklerate, or wait for summit to turn
up—you might jest as well go an' sit down on a
stone in the middle of the meadow, with a pail
'twixt your legs, and wait for a cow to back up
to you to be milked."

Three men were comparing notes on the
"tater bugs." One says: "There are two bugs
to every stalk." A second says: "They have
cut down my early crop, and are sitting on the
fence waiting for the late crop to come up."
"Pshaw," said the third, "you don't know any-
thing about it. I passed a seed store the other
day, and the bugs were in there looking over the
books to see who had purchased seed potatoes."

A few years ago, at a negro camp-meeting
held near Flushing, the colored preacher said:
"I tell you, blubbed breddren, dat de debble is a
big hog, an' one of these days he'll come along
and root you all out." An old negro in one of
the anxious pews, hearing this, raised himself
from the straw, and clapping his hands, ex-
claimed in the agony of his tears: "Ring him,
Lord! ring him!"

An "old colored sister" of Atlanta, Ga., thus
accounted for the recent destructive storm in that
city: "I can jes tell you what is de reason for
all dis hail and wind and rain what de good
Lord has poured out upon us poor sinners—it
all comes of that ice merseen what the white
folks hab started in dis town. It's agin nater—
making of freezin'-cold ice here in de month of
July, and de good Lord is punishin' us for try-
ing to be smarter than He is. He don't make
ice in de summer time, and when poor sinful man
gets to goin' agin de Lord, den He's sure to pun-
ish 'em with storms of hail and rain and wind
and tarrafyin fevers—bless de Lord!"

New Drops.

FROM LITTLE BUTTERCUPS.

Infantile Conundrum.—Why is a baby like a
sheaf of wheat? Because it is first eradled,
and then thrashed, and finally becomes the
flower of the family.

A little girl who loves to pray, one night was
very tired and sleepy, and was getting into her
little bed without saying her prayers. But her
mamma told her first to kneel down and to
pray. So she folded her little hands and said:
"Please, God, remember what little Polly said
last night, she's so tired to-night. Amen."

Two little school girls were lately prattling
together, and one of them said: "We keep four
servants, have got six horses and lots of carriages;
now what have you got?" With quite as much
pride the other answered: "We've got a skunk
under our barn."

During a fine starlight evening lately, a three-
year-old philosopher, after a silent and ap-
parently profound scrutiny of the heavens, asked
his mother abruptly where the stars came from.
Mamma replied: "I don't know, Willie; I don't
know where the stars came from." "Well, you
bet I do. The moon laid 'em."

A little four-year-old remarked to her mamma
on going to bed, "I am not afraid of the dark."
"No, of course you are not," replied her mam-
ma, "for it can't hurt you." "But mamma, I was
a little afraid once, when I went into the
pantry to get a cookie." "What were you
afraid of?" asked her mamma. "I was afraid
I couldn't get the cookie."

A young lady in a Sunday-school asked her
class: "How soon should a child give its heart
to God?" One little girl said, "When thirteen
years old"; another, "ten"; another, "six."
At length the last child in the class spoke:
"Just as soon as we know who God is."



The Little Gardener.—"I HELP TOM TO GARDEN."

Curiosities of Literature.

One of the most graceful stanzas ever ad-
dressed to a woman, was that of an English
nobleman, Lord Herbert, to an Italian nun:

"Die when you will, you need not wear,
At Heaven's court, a form more fair
Than Beauty at your birth has given;
Keep but the lips, the eyes we see,
The voice we hear, and you will be
An Angel ready-made for Heaven!"

The following lines from Besser (translated
by Bowring), describing Adam's first sight of
Eve, have been cited as one of the most beau-
tiful eulogies ever pronounced on woman:

"He laid him down and slept—and from his side
A woman in her magic beauty arose;
Dazzled and charmed, he called the woman 'bride,'
And his first sleep became his last repose."

The following inscription may be seen in one
of the cemeteries of Pittsburg, Penn. Its
perusal may be consolatory to some readers
who may be so unfortunate as to live at a dis-
tance from the smoky town:

"Din, Dan, my Passing bell
Pare you well my Mother
Bury me in my own Church-yard
Beside my own dear Brother
When I die my Coffin is Black
With six Brite Angels on my back
t'ow to Stug and t'ow to pray
And t'ow to enry my sole away."

The most curious will we remember to have
read of is one made by an inhabitant of Monta-
gillard, who died in 1822. His last will and
testament was as follows: "It is my will that
any one of my relations who shall presume to
shed tears at my funeral shall be disinherited.
He, on the other hand, who laughs the most
heartily, shall be sole heir. I order that neither
the church nor my hearse shall be hung with
cloth; but that on the day of burial, the hearse
and church shall be decorated with flowers and
green boughs. Instead of the tolling of bells, I
will have drums, fiddles and fife. All the mu-
sicians of Montagillard and its environs shall at-
tend the funeral. Fifty of them shall open the
procession with bunting tunes, waltzes and
minuets."

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